

PARANORMAL
VOICES
OPPRESSION

(part 3)

(poems)

- by B. Edwards

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1.

Tonight
once again
these paranormal voices
just don't give a damn

filling up my home
with voices

like audio daggers
slicing up the silence

talk about
malevolent determination
they are out to destroy
any chance
of a quiet mind tonight

what does this mean
and what is this
really about

I mean really about
and not just
a wishful thinking answer
but sometimes
wishful thinking
is all we've got

and the stars
seem like little
far away islands of light

but there is no means
to escape to out there

prisoner number #####
just sits in his chair
while the voices
throw judgements
into his ears

it will soon be time
for lights out
for the prisoner
but the darkness
will change nothing

the night once had
its own voice
but that has long since
been driven away

many intruding voices
now occupy the night
and this is indeed
an occupation

the voices patrol
and fire upon
thoughts that are truly
my own

thoughts that are subversive

the oppressors seek control

my thoughts
seek to escape
this audio-militarized zone

2.

It is early in the morning
too damn early
in the morning

and the oppressive
spiritual voices
are opening fire
with their spiritual
guns and knives

the oppressive
spiritual voices
are bombarding
with their cannons
of distorted audio frequency

the oppressive
spiritual voices
are destroying
the rose gardens
of our separate dimensions

they just don't care
about a thing like that
and would rather see them
trampled

they grow stronger
as the sky gets darker
devoid of light
within them
the impression
of only void

this night
like last night
like last year's nights
voices
voices
voices

as I should be

drifting into sleep

voices
as silence
should ascend

voices
intrude
upon this night
like a horde
of audio marauders

how will the end
to this
be realized
and when

3.

It is a clear sunny day
and it almost seems
as if the voices entities
are away

but at every turn
they seek to remind me

I can hear the voices
through the glaring sunlight

they're just trying
to let me know
that they are still here

and so I cannot
completely pretend
that their presence
is not there
in the brightness
of this day

the brightness
of this day

like a desert oasis
that's almost there

but not completely there

only momentary glimpses
of what life could be
without these intrusions

the glaring Sun
the voices appear
for a moment
and then vanish

serenity is there
for a moment
and then vanishes
with the intrusion
of these voices

of their words

their words only seek
to darken
this vision of light

their words seek
to block out
the Sun

but their words
are an empty chasm
of no meaning

their words
were withered
before being spoken

their words
are like ashes
scattering in the wind

3.

The voices entities
spewing out their lies
late at night

is this their night crew
I wouldn't think
it's the same voices
the same damn voices
this one in particular
I've been hearing her
ever since I recorded
for EVP

Electronic Voice Phenomenon
there's certainly
an undiscovered country there
full of wonders
along with
absolute minefields of audio

audio depth charges
waiting for you
to cross the line
to record too much
to tune in your hearing
just right
now you're all tuned in
to the same station

audio blitzkrieg

there is nothing like it
that you could have imagined

you were not prepared
because how could you be
anyone saying otherwise
see into their words
.....they really don't know

there is no imagining
an audio blitzkrieg
before it happens

the recorded voices
can hypnotize
mesmerize

that appear benevolent

but underneath all that
jagged
sharpened
audio weaponized
words of tyranny

so it goes tonight
so it goes tonight

the voices
of other planes of reality
are here to spew
their propaganda of lies

this is the malevolent element
you see
dimensional audio-fascist
by decree

10.

waking up
in the fog
the haze
of a reality
that now seems unreal

from out of the fog
I hear the voices

through the night
they did not go far

they have stayed near
so that I may hear them
when these eyes open
to the haze

they must arrange it
so that I hear them
perhaps.....
they have already been
everywhere in this world
many times over
but they are right here now
because they know
that I can hear them

and so
it's another day
that seems mad
and yet it still glares

the sky is as blue
as any I've seen

blue and full of voices
they speak from places
yet to be fully realized

and they tell me strange things
and unusual things
and cryptic things
and messed up things

and the reason
they do this
they say

I insulted "higher life forms"
and that's a real kicker right there
all this superiority talk of theirs
it's like an obsession

and it doesn't really
mean a whole lot to me
because I don't much
believe them anyway

though I do believe
they think themselves superior
I've heard this from them
so many times
it's something they seem
to always have on their minds
night and day
always thinking about themselves
always thinking themselves superior

and what a lame thing
it is to hear
all the time
but that's just what it is

11.

tonight
these voices
were telling me
once more
that they were "astral life forms"
and this is something
that I hear from them
once in a while
this is one of a few
identities that they assume
one of the mask they wear
and who knows
maybe this one
is not a mask at all
I suppose
that one of their mask
is the one
that is truly not a mask
there's bound to be one
and someone on the internet
will say they know for certain
with such conviction
and I might listen
and give it a thought
maybe.....

12.

Here it is
another night
I probably won't remember
it's the sixteenth of September
and this night
is just like so many others
like so many others
since the voices
first began

I'm hearing them now
over a background noise
at times
it sounds like they are shouting
now some of the voices
are sounding deeper
the sound of the voices
can change
their nihilism
seems to change little

now it seems
they are getting angry
it seems
they don't like
being written about

but if I have something
that I want to say
then I'll hold fast
and say it

so I've said
what I wanted to say for now
and now it's off to bed
and hopefully I'll find
a sanctuary of silence

13.

the voices
are on a roll tonight
yes.....
quite a damn roll tonight
trying to beat me down
with their audio words
of sinister cryptography
for I have no idea
about the meaning
of at least half
of what I hear them say
and I seriously suspect
that this is their angle
to the whole thing
and my angle should be
not to listen to this half
nor the other half
of the things they say
but when you walk through
the door after a long day
sometimes they like to
hit you with it right away
and you're just so damn tired
and tomorrow will pretty much be
the same thing all over again

the same thing all over again

the same thing

again

14.

Tonight
the voices are active
sounding like a chorus
of deranged electric machinery

sounding like saws
at war
with windmills

sounding like trumpets
shot out
of cannons

sounding like Zeppelins
attacked by bats
over a city
full of chimneys
that spew.....ashes
of the dregs

night is now
un-illuminated

voices entities patrols
patrol
the mind zones
your mind zones

I often think
it was just better
not to know about it

soon it will be midnight
and vapors
will rise from the streets

streetlights
will convey
a false sense
of civilization

hidden within
the very sky
are voices beings
that can invade the mind
electric audio
a sonata
of lost days
spent staring at the ceiling
listening

a troubadour once
now more like a dart board
for daggers of voices

15.

now it's late
and they've come out
and they skirmish
with whispers

a constant
high pitch
whispery assault

another part
of the constant spew
of audio astral poisons

voices beings
pacing the room

with fixed bayonets
of words that confuse

fallen angel
scribble
on the walls

dimensional claws

here is the truth
riddled with lies

and I testify
to my own shadow

and my own shadow
knows all about
the unconcealed lies

and now I embark
towards the isle of sleep

my journey hindered
by the voices that speak
from cauldrons
of vile purpose

16.

what can I tell you
it's all mad
the hour is mad
the sea of voices is mad
my memories
of all of this
of all of this oppression
are mad

mad
mad
mad as a radio doorway
to a dimension
that is mad

mad as an EVP
left on your voicemail
a communique just for you

yes.....
it's mad
it's mad

mad as a reality
that apparently
is no reality at all

and the voices
and the words
come flying at me
like throwing knives

and here
the mad invisible tyrants
hold court
for their mad soliloquies

yes.....
it's gotten quite mad here
tonight

voiced demons
kamikaze
saw blade

into my night

yes.....

it's mad

the whole bloody thing

is bloody mad

and maybe

I'll revolt tomorrow

during the day

or in the evening

they know they cannot trust me

they know that I have

learned to lie and scheme

from them

and now.....

I will turn it all against them

and drop poetry bombs

on their mad festivals

these opportunities

rise like the moon

17.

The voices speak now
the voices speak
they always speak
they always
want you
to hear them speak
they've got something
to say to you
but there's quite a good chance
that it's a lie
but they'll continue to speak
and days and nights
will come and go
and all the speaking
all the hearing
all the listening
will pass by with the hours
and over time
they'll speak some more
and by next year
they'll be speaking again
and maybe in a century
or two
it will be discovered and known
that they were speaking all along

18.

Hours abandoned
to the voices
that I once heard
beyond my windows

they would do this
to freak me out
I reason

but there doesn't
seem to be much
to freak out any more

now the voices
simply surround me
like a blockade fleet

and they have fastened
metal chains
to each moment

I drag them
I drag them
and hear the voices
of cruel theaters

19.

The trickster EVP voices
may sometimes
give you choices
but it may not be revealed
until it is far too late

sometimes
they just go about things
in that cruel way

looking back
it will all unfold

like invisible ink
but back then
their warnings seemed
like dimensional opera

and you can get your head
stuck up in those
gilded clouds
that you can barley
perceive the presence of

20.

Time is not
a meaningful thing to them
am I being harsh?
or have I observed
the violation of these dreams
for far too long?

they have not felt time
like a cold wind
or perhaps they have
perhaps this same wind
has frozen them

for in the regions
of the soul
there can often be ice

perhaps they have
ice within

perhaps they are
ice within

21.

The voices beings
sounding off now
sounding like
cheap imitation
star cores
over the radio spectrum
manufactured off world

and sleep
will overtake me soon
and I'll be free
for some hours
but they'll linger around
my room
experimenting
with psychology books

little mini
Bikini Atolls
of sinister psychoanalysis

Operation Psycho Crossroads
all hours of the night
while I'm asleep
they'll be conducting
instrumented test
of mind warping

22.

The voices
are bombarding

the voices
are scaling the walls

the voices
are spewing lies again

enormous lies
that mean nothing at all

I'm hearing them
talking through
their demonic loudspeakers

trying to turn
the rest of the night
into an audio gulag

they're trying
to open doors
to break inside

they are putting down
voices suppressing fire
suppressing
oppressing

trying to establish
a totalitarian audio order

and I persevere
within the bunker
of my own experiences

and I will wait
until the voices bombardment
subsides

and then I will go outside
and smoke

23.

Audio
astral
bullies
making
a lot of noise

I tell them
to go talk to a tree instead
.....they never listen to me

they want to make this night
an audio zone
of fascist ideology

they want
noise of oppression

and the moon
will not awaken
here tonight

there is a shroud
darkening
casting shadow

the voices
gave declared themselves
the winner here
but it is by default

and now
I'll go try
to blackout
till dawn

I want no dreams tonight
I want nothing
but a sovereignty of silence

24.

A serenade
that is no serenade

it's some sort of hex
or abuse
or oppression

waking up
and realizing
it's still lingering over me

and it will follow me
when I go to work

just me

others around me
will hear voices
of sunshine

or hear nothing

I'm the one they follow
because I asked them
for a sign
that they were real

25.

Harassing Voices Incorporated

I think they are in
the employ
of some alien beings
at least this is what
the voices have often
conveyed to me

but if I believe anything
that they say
then I would live inside
a hall of mirrors

no.....

no.....

this much more perplexing
in a sinister way
than that

Last night
I saw them
the entities
several times
they appeared before my eyes
several times
in a spectacular display
of trans-dimensional appearance
they did it
to drive the fact home
that they were oppressing me
so it was kind of
a reverse of....
an opposite of.....
.....consideration
it was more like.....
"hey look at us"
the scientist say
we don't exist.....
go ahead and try to ignore....
we'll keep heckling with the voices
....because they say we don't exist
but you know we do asshole"
so in every sense
it was a kind
of anti-consideration
on that night
of this year
and so we all go on
as that is simply
in our nature

END

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